

the Monster Times



When it comes to menacing lovely ladies, monsters have long led the way. And it was King Kong's star-crossed courtship with Fay Wray that helped pave the way for a whole bevy of hideous horror heroines to be born. From clawed, prehistoric pinups to blushing beauties and monsters of every description, in this issue, TMT pays tribute to the HORROR HEROINES of Hollywood—ladies who have inspired madmen to commit acts above and beyond the call of insanity and have caused grown monsters to weep. Turn to page 20 for the full story.

Below is another interpretation of the mighty Kong, as seen through the eyes of Russell Myers, creator of Broom-Hilda, the world's most lovable witch. You'll be meeting Russ in this issue, along with C.C. Beck (the creator of Captain Marvel), THE FLY, and a whole host of other perverse people, pieces and—above all things—So turn the page and join your friendly fonda at TMT on another lively trek into forbidden realms where mortals shouldn't oughta go.



What could these eyes have seen that has startled them so, widening them wildly in terror and horror and fear? A sight that would make any eyes sore! For these eyes have been looking upon nothing less than ...

THE HORROR OF

by Jim Wnoroski

THE FLY

Spending all your time in the basement was one thing... but this is getting too far!

"Once it was human... even as you and I!"

While opinions concerning the artistic merits of Kurt Neuman's **THE FLY** vary (Denis Gifford: "Frightening"; Ivan Butler: "Ludicrous... revolting"; John Baxter: "...Rich in black comedy and a Cormac-esque glee"; Donald C. Willis: "Poorly acted and directed."); Jean-Luc Goddard: "See if necessary..."; J. Kane: "Strangely touching... oddly moving... grotesquely gripping."), there is no denying that the film contains several scenes that rank among the most frighteningly effective sequences ever filmed. Here now to tell you about the strange case of **THE FLY** and the **RETURN OF THE FLY** is TMT word wizard Jim Wnoroski...

that has become known to the world at large as the horror of **THE FLY**!

It all began over 25 years ago when my father, Andre Delambre, began experimenting in areas not even the Devil himself would have ventured into. But in the name of progress and against the stern wishes of my mother, Helene, and my friend, Francois Branson, my father pursued his hobby with the gusto that would eventually bring his successful life as a famous scientist to an abrupt and terrible conclusion.

But I find myself rushing ahead with my story. I was young and uncaring then—my father keeping his work very much apart from family matters. We would see him at breakfast and again at supper, but during the day he would disappear into the dark recesses of our basement, which he had converted into a super-secret laboratory completely sealed off from the rest of our spacious house.

And as far as I know, he never confided in my mother, Dr. Branson or myself, about his work and he specifically had our house built far back into the wild-lands of Canada—away from all the prying eyes of neighbors. We even had our own provision shed for food and gas generator for electricity, yes, dad placed a very high premium on his secrecy.

ONE STORMY NIGHT

But being a brash, inquisitive young

How did a gentle, far sighted scientist with a healthy respect for human life become a horrible Fly-people cult leader? How did law enforcement officers and anyone else that would stand in its way? The answer is a long, frightening story that begins on this page.





Andre, the first of the doppelgängers, introduces his wife to his son-completed teleportation machine, a device that will soon wreck their marriage and take his life. It is also responsible for disintegrating the family line into a "stream of carbon atoms." In fact, the machine never improves ANYBODY'S condition, being the Rendish (if well-intentioned) thing that it is.

ster like most boys, my father's experiments were a subject of great curiosity to me—and so on that stormy night dad had asked Dr. Brandon over to inspect the invention he had labored so long and hard over, I quietly followed the pair down to the cellar. Keeping discreetly out of sight behind a bank of computers, I witnessed what had to be the strangest, yet most exciting sight of my human life. I had never been allowed to view it, I still recall everything that transpired: Dr. Brandon stepped into the room and his eyes seemed to go wide as he said, "Andre, what's all this scientific equipment you've got down here—it looks like something out of an old 'Frankenstein' film. You haven't been trying to raise the dead, have you?"

Dad just laughed and said, "No, son, you're an old Frankenstein, and what's with all these computers?" I had some idea that what you were working on was atomic in nature, but I never dreamed you'd gone this far. What's it all about? Come you must tell me."

"I'll not only tell you, my dear Brandon," said father, "I'll show you." And with that he flicked a switch which set the room alive with activity. Lights flashed, machines hummed, and reels of special top-secret video tape spun around at furious speeds.

"What I propose to tell you now, Brandon, you shall reveal to no one else. You must give your solemn oath that you

Men into Musae Domestica (that's hopefully to you). Despite the Fly head, the scientist manages to retain his human intelligence ... but his awareness of the sickening situation only increases his torment.



will not tell a soul about what you will see here tonight. Do you promise?"

"I give you my word."

"Good, now you can help me prepare by

selecting some article of clothing or

personalized object which you value

highly."

Brandon, without thinking, reached for his wallet—but I had thought hold back and offered just his handkerchief

saying, "Will this do?"

"What's the matter, don't you trust me?

Soon you will have no doubts in your mind

about my inventiveness."

And with that my father threw a small level which lowered two elongated tubes from the ceiling. Looking somewhat like ordinary telephone lines, the tubes would be used to contain a human being—but

now, only Brandon's handkerchief would

be the "guinea pig" in this experiment.

"Please watch very carefully," father said as he walked quickly but surely over to the booth situated on the right side of the room. The corresponding tube, an exact twin down to the last nut and bolt, was carefully opened and lowered into the large glass container, father pressed several more buttons then turned again toward Brandon—his face keyed with excitement.

"Now you will witness, hopefully, the fruits of two long years of experimentation. Wish me luck, Francois!"

"I wish you all the best, Andre, of

course, but I wish you would please drop all this suspense and tell me what's going on. For Heaven's sake, man, you're acting like some mad scientist from an old movie."

"All of us are a little mad at one time or another, Francois, so I beg of you to indulge me just this once."

Brandon agreed.

"Now enough with words," shouted father at the machine noise rose to an incredible whine. Then both father and Brandon donned special darkened eye goggles to protect their vision from the searing blue light which seemed to envelop the machine. And still I stared with all my will power to continue staring at the incredible brightness, but at last I could take no more and was forced to turn away. Then, as quickly as it all began—it was over. I peered into the laboratory once more, and to my amazement nothing seemed to have changed at all. The machines were all still there, neither Brandon nor myself had been harmed, the hum of the clicking and buzzing of the computers continued as always, the booths were undamaged—but wait—hadn't father put Dr. Brandon's handkerchief in the right tube? Now it was mysteriously sitting across the room in the left stall! What had happened? I listened intently as my father began to



The scientist's best-laid plans backfire with a vengeance, as a fly gets in the proverbial ointment, turning Andre into the hideous apparition you see here.

sing the praises of his own success.

THE DONE!

"I've done it! I've done it! Didn't you see,

Vincent Price views the scientific surroundings with a suspicious and goggled eye. "It looks like something out of an old 'Frankenstein' film," he scoffs. Actually, the sets used in the old Frankenstein films were a lot more impressive than those used in *THE FLY*.



man. I've done something the world wouldn't have believed possible."

"Done what, Andre? The room has not changed at all. What have you done?" retorted Brandon.

"Why don't you see? I've transferred your handkerchief from the right booth to the left through means of atomic molecular conversion."

Brandon just frowned, saying, "This is all very well and good, Andre, but surely you did not invite me all this way into the backlands to witness what seems to be nothing more than a magician's parlor trick."

"Parlor trick ... parlor trick! My father was furious. 'Have you no sense or foresight, man, can't you see the far reaching implications of what I have done for mankind?'"

"Foolish, Andre, I cannot!"

My father's face became livid, and his body stiff with rage—but the genius in him obviously kept his anger in check as he went on. "Travel is broadening, Brandon our highways, airlines, and shipyards are overburdened now and it won't be long before over-population, massive congestion and pollution will choke us all to death."

"This is true, Andre," Brandon quipped, "but I still don't see what this all has to do with your machine."



The battle between Fly and Man rages, as the scientist-turned-insect fights to control an irresistible impulse to destroy everything in sight.



The Fly head and claws will be squashed beyond recognition, and the terrible transformation undergone by the unfortunate scientist will be shielded from the eyes of the world ... but not from his son's.

"Very simple," father replied, trying not to show his fury at Brandon's stupidity. "Suppose you were in Chicago and were planning a trip to California. It would be quite a long trip, even by plane ... but you could use my teleporter—the teleporter which you have seen in action here today. All you would need do is step into the cabinet and announce your destination—the computers would take over from there."

"Each atom in your body," father continued, "would be broken down into its simplest form and then sent by wire across the continent in a matter of seconds—just like a telephone message. On reaching California, your similar molecules would then 'reassemble' your atoms into your normal breathing self—just as you started out in Chicago."

"Why, Andre, that's fantastic," replied Brandon, shocked more by my father's words than by his experiment. "Only a fiend or a madman would allow himself to enter that insidious chamber and be broken down into atomic particles. The whole thing is insane."

"No it's not, Brandon, your mind simply refuses to accept something so new and radical as my teleporter device. People like you said the same thing about the airplane. With my invention, men no longer would need cars, boats or planes; fuel energy could be put to more important uses, and pollution would be eliminated entirely."

"All very well and good, my dear Andre, but you'll not see me entering that gizmo, who knows what torturous pain a man would endure making the transfer? Why a person might never be the same when he arrived at the other end."

Brandon asked my father if he had ever used a living subject, such as a rabbit or mouse, in the transfer machine. My father admitted that he had not. And with that Brandon wished him a pleasant evening and left without saying any more.

A TERRIBLE TRANSFORMATION

My father stood alone for a long while—not hearing a word. Crouching there unseen, I wanted desperately to run to him and tell him my invention was going to help the world very much, but I knew it would be regarded as just a foolish gesture from a child of my years. So remaining where I was, I saw father walk slowly over to the teleportation machine and activate it once more. Neither he nor I spotted the large housefly which had flown into the booth on the left. Father donned a pair of goggles, threw a switch that sent blue static light flashes about the room, then he entered the left chamber. Suddenly I realized he was going to test the invention with his own life. Fear welled up in me as I stumbled

from my hiding place and screamed to him not to go through with it. But the tremendous white from the machines drowned out my voice entirely, and I had to turn away from the blinding rays of the electron gun that would soon shoot my father's atoms into the fourth dimension.

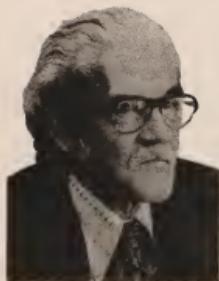
Then it was over. I ran and I turned my head around to look at the tube on the right—hoping against hope that I would see my father alive and well standing in the chamber. Instead I saw the most grotesque looking creature anyone could ever imagine. It had the body of my father, but its head was that of a huge fly—tiny, big bulging eyeballs dripping with pus, a mouth full of sharp, purple, serrated teeth, and four hairy lips that slidi across its horrible face like moist green rubber. A vision fit only for nightmares!



His Fly nature temporarily under control, Andre Delambre hides his horrible head under a black hood and instructs his wife to crush him to death under the press.

In a flash it had broken the glass booth and stumbled out onto the floor heading straight for me. I stood there unable to run, fear had paralyzed my legs, forcing me to stand and await my doom. Closer and closer came the human-insect ... death seemed only seconds away. I prayed that all this was nothing more than a bad dream. Off to the left, at the foot of my bed, stood mother and a strange man I had never seen before.

Continued on page 29



MEET THE MAKER OF THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MORTAL, THE BIG RED CHEESE; AN ARTIST-WRITER WHOSE WORK SPANS FIVE DECADES AND WHO NOW DRAWS SHAZAM!, THE HOTTEST COMIC BOOK TO APPEAR SINCE CAPTAIN MARVEL(!?). meet . . .

C.C. BECK!

Few characters have ever had the immense popularity garnered by CAPTAIN MARVEL, affectionately called "The Big Red Cheese." Strangely, though, Captain Marvel is just now getting the credit and media exposure he so richly deserves.

He has spent upwards of 40 years illustrating comics, doing work for comics as diverse as FATMAN, THE HUMAN FLYING SAUCER and IBIS, THE INVINCIBLE.

His clean, refreshing style has made him immensely popular, and this year he, Russell Myers (see his story also in this issue) and Burne Hogarth (TARZAN) will be sharing the Guest of Honor spots at this year's New York Comic Art Convention. Gary Brown, editor of COMIXSCENE, interviewed Beck for THE MONSTER TIMES, and came up with this scintillating scoop.

When you first meet C.C. Beck, something in the back of your mind tells you that you have seen him before—or at least that he looks familiar. You realize before you can pinpoint it, Beck readily admits that many people mistake him for Milburn Stone, who plays "Doc" on GUNSMOKE. A nod and a word of agreement later, you realize that a conversation with Beck, the artist



to the better. He has a tremendous story sense and could see ways to improve the flow of my scripts or bolster up weak points. I believe I wrote good stuff, in general, but Beck's art made me seem like a master."



Author Gary Brown suggests that C.C. Beck's art looks a lot like GUNSMOKE's Doc, but the artist TMT staff noticed a tremendous resemblance between good ol' DOC SIVANA and the present day C.C. Beck.

As Captain Marvel and the Fawcett line of comic books grew in popularity, Beck became more concerned with the storytelling. When the staff grew to almost 100 people, Beck formed his own studio to package the stories for the blossoming company, and therefore gains a little more say-so in how the story was presented. It was at this time that Beck put in for a raise in pay and was denied. Disappointed and discontent, Beck decided to leave and go to work for some other company. Fawcett then changed their minds and increased Beck's salary as well as promoting him to "Chief Artist" over all their books—the only personal recognition he ever received from Fawcett. There was a policy at the time that the artists could not sign their names to their work, based on the idea that the artist would take away from the realism and fantasy of the stories. They wanted their young readers to actually believe there was a Captain Marvel! It apparently worked quite well, although it takes a sharp eye and a good deal of knowledge to spot the various styles in the Captain Marvel stories. Beck has stated that there was a good bit of helping each other out and editing, almost to the tune of



Credit: G. L. Hirsch, Author Photo: Gary Brown

This cover represents the good Captain's first foray outside normal comic books. It's the granddaddy of SHAZAM!, which is a massive-size and sells for \$1.00. It includes lots of stories, puzzle pages and how-to-draw and coloring sections. We highly recommend it, so dash right to your newsstand and grab it.

beginning to become quite popular with the American buying public.

With this assignment in mind, they created such characters as Ibis, Golden Arrow, Spymaster and a Captain Thunder for a comic book which was to be called WHIZ #1. The stories were printed in black and white, mainly for copyright purposes, and reprinted in WHIZ #2, which was in color and distributed across the country. Sometime after the first issue, the name of Captain Thunder was changed to Captain Marvel and Beck had to go back and reletter each balloon where the former Captain's name appeared. Thus was born one of the comics' most popular and

colorful characters, Captain Marvel.

THE MAKING OF CAPTAIN MARVEL

Beck and author Otto Binder are probably the first names that come to mind when Captain Marvel is mentioned, although many people worked on the writing and drawing for the Fawcett characters. Beck always fought for control over the comics he worked on. He made changes in both the script and art, in order to keep the Captain Marvel family of books as consistent and readable as possible. Beck was always concerned with the timing of the story and how the breakdowns and layouts looked. In an interview in COMIXSCENE #2, Beck stated: "An artist must never draw anything that isn't necessary. Everything in the story must have a purpose and make the story flow well." He never liked excessive violence and almost always went out of his way to avoid drawing knockdowns, drag-out fights.

Captain Marvel was much acclaimed for his humor and off-beat characters as he was for his fantastic adventures. Much of this success must be attributed to Beck, as writer Binder comments, "Beck often changed the story somewhat, and always

Although Jr. & Mary weren't drawn by Beck, he had complete artistic control over Capt. Marvel's cohorts and the art came from his studio.



This is the cover to the first issue of the revised CAPTAIN MARVEL. The book is called SHAZAM instead of CAPTAIN MARVEL because MARVEL has a trademark on that name. CAPTAIN MARVEL. Complicated, isn't it?



"you do the head and I'll do the feel" sort of assembly line production.

The Beck studio began operation in Englewood, New Jersey in 1941 with Al Allard as art director. Beck would assign several pages to each artist, then leave them alone to finish the work. Afterwards, Beck would carefully edit the material, offer his comments and often redraw the features. Beck's art, like that of Chester, would look the same in every issue. The studio not only turned out the Captain Marvel stories, but picked up other comic book work whenever it became available. In the period between 1945 and 1947, the studio did a number of outside assignments, including a number of books for a Canadian publisher. In addition, Beck and Binder created other characters for a publisher who went bankrupt before even

the first issues hit the newsstands. Beck worked with fellow artist Pete Costanza, a great disc jockey. Jimi Costanza was one of the mainstays of the studio—being the first artist that Beck hired. It was curious that years later, Costanza, as well as Binder and staff artist Kurt Schaffenberger, would all be writing and drawing Superman comics. The relationship between Superman and Captain Marvel—and the people who created and worked on these characters—was incredible.

CAPTAIN MARVEL MUST DIE

It was with CAPTAIN MARVEL ADVENTURES #2 that legal action was filed by National Periodicals, claiming that Captain Marvel was an outright copy of their character, Superman. After technical

delays and legal hassles, the suit eventually came to trial in May of 1951. To this day, Beck maintains that Captain Marvel is "no Superman"—and never was!

The settlement of the suit gave all the comic book rights of Captain Marvel and all the other Fawcett characters, along with their movies, dolls and other off-shoots, to National Periodicals. This left Beck and all the comic book people at Fawcett without a job. Captain Marvel, it appears, was gone for good.

In 1952, Beck moved to Miami and became a bartender for a while, then joined Russ Smiley's commercial art studio, where he still does occasional assignments. He also worked for Willard Hurst and Bill Hays before setting up his own studio, the CC Beck Studio of Art and Design. Beck and Binder had made attempts to sell several daily newspaper strips, but after making the rounds of most of the syndicates, the project was forgotten.

It was during this period that Beck explored his literary side. He wrote a pair of stories, including THE WORLD'S



Other 'MARVEL FAMILY' members were Uncle Marvel (who didn't really have any powers, he just fake it) and the Three Lieutenant Marvels, whose stay was short and rather baseless.

MIGHTY FATHEAD, a fiction novel dealing with the Golden Age of the comics. Ever the optimist, Beck says of it, "Maybe they'll find it among my papers when I'm gone" and by that time the publishing business will be in such a sorry state that they'll publish it and it'll be a best-seller."

Beck's writing talents also extended into the science fiction field, and he submitted several stories to ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION. One of the four stories, "Vanishing Point," appeared in the July 1959 issue of ASTOUNDING.

NO LOVE LOST

Never losing his love or enthusiasm for the comics, Beck re-entered the field in 1965, when he accepted an offer from Marvel Publishing Co. to work on a comic book called FATMAN. With Otto Binder writing the stories and Will Lieberow and Wendell Crowley at the publishing and editorial controls, visions of past glories were once again in the air. The cover of FATMAN #1 boldly announced the reuniting of Beck and Binder, while the strip was a wonderful Captain Marvel-like satire on the world and comic books themselves. Fatman's costume was strikingly similar to Captain Marvel's and one character called the Tin Man looked very much like a young man by the name of Bigby Batson.

Beck's enthusiasm leaped from the pages of the new creation, and even though he lost money on the project by passing up important advertising accounts he put his full heart into the work. Beck was just about doing the entire comic book—penciling, inking, lettering and about one-third of the coloring.



Back in the mid-1960's, C.C. Beck returned briefly to comic and drew ATOM, THE HUMAN FLYING SAUCER, for the now-defunct Milton Company. His biggest claim to fame was that he had three identities: VAN CRAWFORD, a florist, FATMAN, a powerful Heystack Celhoun-type and THE HUMAN FLYING SAUCER, which was just what the name implies.

While sales increased with each issue, FATMAN was no competition for the larger comic companies and soon vanished from the stands. There were plans to bring out a comic called CAPTAIN SHAZAM, with Beck and Binder doing the work, but National Periodicals Outfit, headed by Thomas C.C. Beck's best as a comic book artist was over. He did ink a Sunday page of MICKEY FINN for the late Leon Leonard, but generally he went back to his commercial art business, making incredibly real-like paper weapons and doing an occasional drawing for Captain Marvel fans.

It was not until the summer of 1972 that a series of events occurred which would bring art back into Beck's life. First, he gave a road for Beck's return to the field. In July 1972 it was announced that the original Captain Marvel would return! After 20 years in "suspension," the Captain that everyone knew and loved would be once again rescuing people from the world's wickedest villains.

BECK'S BACK!

At first it was unsure who would draw the strip, but those who knew comic books and Captain Marvel best knew that there would be but one choice—C.C. Beck! After a few letters, Beck submitted a drawing of "Rip Van Marvel," which caught the fancy of publisher Carmine Infantino and editor Denny O'Neill. Beck was hired on the spot and began his usual penciling, inking and lettering chores.

Beck feels that the comic strip on SHAZAM is fair and improving rapidly. He admires Eliot Maginn's sense of humor and though Denny O'Neill's idea of having Captain Marvel held in "suspension" was excellent. In the COMIXSCENE interview, Beck stated that he felt the key to Captain Marvel's success was the "funny man" character who gets into all the jams. Marvel is there only to bail him out. We try to use Marvel as sparingly as possible."

Now residing in North Miami, Beck lives with his wife and enjoys entertaining his grandchildren as frequently as possible. His interest in art extends far beyond the drawing of comic books. His hobby is making realistic war art out of cardboard and paper. He has a studio in his basement and has been painting around the house. At first glance they appear to be real, from the splatter right on down to the splattered blood on the knives and axes. He enjoys painting, still draws for his design studio and is enjoying life to the fullest.

But most of all, Beck is the man who knows Captain Marvel best. He knows what makes him tick and why. And somewhere in his thoughts, Beck realizes that as long as Captain Marvel is remembered, he will be too. They take each other seriously—most of the time.



This C.C. Beck how-to-draw-it section came from the aforementioned Giant Captain Marvel SHAZAM book brought to you by the nice folks at DC. Wow—that Beck can draw! We'll say it again, put this paper down (after you've bought it), search through your local newsstands and buy a copy of Giant SHAZAM!

Have we ever steered you wrong?



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THE MONSTER TIMES BOOKSHELF is the only place where you can pick up all your favorite items in the horror, fantasy and comic

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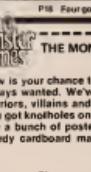


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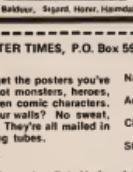


P38 KING KONG (15) \$1.50 plus 45c

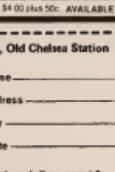
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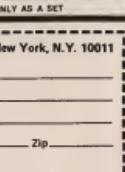
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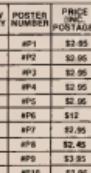


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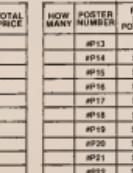


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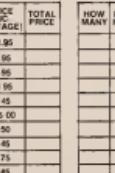
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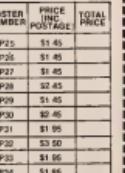
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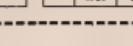


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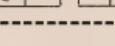
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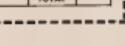
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The story behind a STAR TREK Show!

"THE TROUBLE WITH TRIBBLES"

BY DAVID GERROLD
ILLUSTRATIONS BY ONE-EYED SPOTTY

DAVID GERROLD



Captain Kirk finds himself chock-deep in tribbles on the cover of David Gerrold's *THE TROUBLE WITH TRIBBLES* tome. Like these ubiquitous little creatures of his imagination, Gerrold's prose continues to multiply at an alarming rate.

WHAT IS A TRIBBLE? Anybody who has faithfully watched *STAR TREK* can probably handle that question with ease. The invisible puff balls that save the Federation by gorging themselves on poisoned quadrupedites are one more piece of the *STAR TREK* legend which, like the tribbles themselves, grows and more every day. David Gerrold has written a book called *THE TROUBLE WITH TRIBBLES*, which many of you will recognize as the title of the *STAR TREK* episode dealing with these insatiable and forever reproducing Klingon-haters. David Gerrold wrote that episode for *STAR TREK*, and not only was it his first sale, but it netted him a huge nomination, as well. The Hugo, for the uninitiated, is the award bestowed yearly by science-fiction fans for the best book and movie considered to be the best in each of several categories for that year. Thus it was a great honor and complement for Gerrold to be nominated, but more importantly it was the first nomination ever for a writer's first sale. In presenting the story of how this episode was conceived and finally produced, Mr. Gerrold actually

gives the reader several books rolled into one.

First of all this book gives *STAR TREK* fans a real insider's look into the world of that fine TV series. The author, in describing his attempts to sell several ideas for scripts and his eventual successful sale and development of *THE TROUBLE WITH TRIBBLES*, episode, gives the reader an intimate look into the everyday activities on the set of *STAR TREK*. Gerrold's encounters and impressions of many *STAR TREK* personnel from the well-known actors to the producers, make-up men, and special effects wizards provide great entertainment for anyone who is interested in how a *TV* show is produced as well as for "Trekkies"



This little strip from Gerrold's book, drawn by Tim Kirk, is not necessarily one of the book's highlights. In fact, the work tends to sink whenever the author deals with himself.

and other admirers of this fabulous science-fiction series. In addition to the written text, there are also a large number of photos of *STAR TREK* personnel including the cast, the crew, many friendly dogeza characters, and Tim Kirk are scattered throughout the volume. Cartoons that help set the tone of each chapter and complement the text superbly. Besides giving us a glimpse of how a science-fiction phenomenon was turned out daily for our enjoyment, this book is valuable in several other respects.

KIRK: "Are you going to talk?"

DARVIN: "I never want to see one of those furry things again!"



It should be pointed out to those not in-the-know that Darwin was played by the famous Charlie Brill, cousin of the famous Larry Britt, publisher of TMT!



So many troublesome tribbles would drive a lesser man than Kirk to despair.



KIRK: "There must be hundreds of thousands of them!"



SPOCK: "One million, seven hundred and seventy-one thousand, five hundred and sixty-one." And that's tribble enough even for the most insatiable Trekkie!

A FAN'S DREAM

I'm sure many of us who have read and enjoyed science-fiction have dreamt that we too might one day produce it ourselves. Mr. Gerrold expresses similar feelings as he goes on to say: "After he decided to dream, exactly how he went about making himself into the successful writer he is today. The methods he used to create the story, the techniques he used to revise and develop it, and the ways he went about getting noticed and finally going all the way to turn an outline into a finished and produced TV script are illustrated fully for the reader. This aspect of the book is engrossing and worthwhile, but Mr. Gerrold's tone is not simply a 'how-to-do-it' manual for budding sci-fi writers. The real value of this book is that it shows us what it is like for a struggling writer getting started. The author gives a great deal of insight into his personal life by describing his experiences and feelings. Mr. Gerrold allows a great deal of himself to be displayed to the reader. Since he has already published a number of other sci-fi titles, I'm sure I will enjoy them much more, having been introduced to the intimate side of the author's life."

THE TROUBLE WITH TRIBBLES is a fine book from several standpoints. It not

only gives the reader a priceless behind-the-scenes look at an amazing TV series, but an excellent idea of what it is like for a young man to break into a tough, very competitive but rewarding field. I highly recommend *THE TROUBLE WITH TRIBBLES* by David Gerrold for anyone interested in science-fiction and writing in general and *STAR TREK* in particular.

—Joe Thomasino

SCOTTY: "I transported the whole kit and kaboodle into the Klingon anglo room where they'll be no tribbles at all..."



LATE FILM ROUND-UP will be a semi-regular (or, more accurately, a semi-regular) TMT feature dedicated to notorious news and fearless reviews of Fantasy films and their latest creations. Under the guidance of our editor, Media Editor R. Allen Leider, with the eerie assistance of the TMT staff (J. John Kane), this feature will bring the latest news and reviews of daring under the bright light of instructive criticism, concentrating mainly on those films released over the past few months that we could, due to an limitations, cover in greater depth. The "late," incidentally, means recent, not "dead" (although that certainly does apply in a startling number of instances). So when you run out to instantly leech your hard-earned cash on the latest celluloid atrocity, it would be wise to consult these pages first. After all, the bread you save may be your own...

BARON BLOOD [1972] Directed by Mario Bava. Starring Joseph Cotten, Elke Sommer, Massimo Giroli, Antonio Centafaro, Alan Collins.



BARON BLOOD continues Italian master Mario Bava's innuendo-filled visualizations with the zoom lens. The tale, familiar story has to do with a hotel owner's plot to do away with an Austrian castle, a plan that includes the placement of several Coke machines, presumably for the benefit of American tourists. Unfortunately, the plan also extends to the restoration of the castle's equally ancient archi-llien owner, who had been put to



rest some 300 years earlier by a spiteful witch. Aswirl in mists, Elke Sommer manages to underact her age once again, also. It is interesting to note that for Barbara Steele, Joseph Cotten portrays the Jekyll/Hyde-ish monster with as much slyly aplomb as he can muster from a wheelchair. What the film lacks in technique and banal dialogue, it more than makes up for with revved corpses, logy sets, weird sounds, and bloody murders, scenes at which the film technicians are most adept. D.B.

LATE FILM ROUND UP!

TMT Reviewer Key

D.S. David Bartholomew
M.B. Myron Berger
R.A.L. R. Allen Leider
D.S. David Shildowithy



THE CREEPING FLESH [1973] Directed by Peter Cushing. Starring Peter Cushing, Christopher Lee, Lorna Heilbron, Hedger Wallace, George Benson, Jenny Runacre.

It's the CREEPING FLESH in the flesh and blood. Eat your flesh, crawl right off your bones. It's a delicious treat from Columbia Pictures starring none other than the sinister Christopher Lee and the perverse Peter Cushing as a pair of step brothers out to step on each other's ambitions. Their common adversary is a centuries-old creature, a dimon who is the source of most terrible disease ever to plague Mankind—the bacillus that causes EVIL! Just as the ads promised, the insane are driven to "greater



excesses of madness," and the movie is real fun. Production values are high, direction tight, and the acting... well, the names speak for themselves. Enjoy! R.A.L.

HANDS OF THE RIPPER [1971] Directed by Peter Steely. Starring Eric Porter, Angharad Rees, Jane Morrow, Keith Bell, Dora Bryan, Norman Bird, Charles Lamb.

Should **HANDS OF THE RIPPER** turn up again near you, you might want to make an effort to catch it. While the film is somewhat encumbered by a lame plot, Hammer writer Tudor Gates managed to avoid the clichéd stereotypes we might expect from such an offering. Eric Porter's Dr. Pritchard, for



'Hands of the Ripper'

A typically keen-eyed, underpaid member of the TMT Film Review staff contemplates one of Hammer's latest eerie entries before registering his all-important opinion for our readers...

"Uh...fool-class! Not only is it the biggest monster movie breakthrough to come along in the better part of a week, but has much to say about da mores and social foibles of civilization as we know it, of which we are all a part..."

—



MALATESTA'S CARNIVAL [1973] Windmill Films. With Bill Preston. [No other credits available].

It's the Malatesta's Carnival. And the change has come in the form of **MALATESTA'S CARNIVAL**, a film by a new production company with a new angle on horror and comedy. This gruesome goody is unlike anything ever before seen in this genre of film. It is, without question, the greatest, most gaudiest, most frightening film ever made ANYWHERE. And it's loony, too. Figures that out.

It has more ghouls snacking on more red hot human flesh, more blood dripping from more wounds, more monsters than anything ever before made ANYWHERE. Those sound like pretty big claims and they are. But they are true.

The inspiration for **MALATESTA'S CARNIVAL** is from a new production company which, among other things, has commissioned an audio specialist in Psycho-acoustics to design a musical score to psychologically affect emotional responses of terror and fright.

Another new approach used in this cellophane rendering of severed limbs and stripped skulls is witty horror, i.e., a bunch of ghouls build up an appetite by

watching classic horror flicks on TV and then devouring their victims [ALIVE!] while discussing them. And there's more. **MALATESTA'S CARNIVAL** is more than a comedy, horror film or gory version of **GREASER'S PALACE** or **FREAKS**. It is a Tennessee Will-



Iams' **CAMINO REAL** in which the sets are built entirely of cardboard joints, the actors are grown-ups in costumes of people and the events are the real world as seen by a horror movie butt, perhaps. Try it—you'll like it. R.A.L.

example, is not just the pure scientist type; he's a humanist and philanthropist to boot. Angharad Rees, as the mentally disturbed and homicidal girl he befriends, is believable enough to keep you in doubt as to whether she's the female ripper or not. Produced on a slightly smaller budget than Hammer's better-publicized films, the eerie embellishments to the somewhat stale plot are fresh and new. More devoted fight fans will want to see this one for new twists on old themes. R.A.L.

DRY OF THE LIVING DEAD (1972) 1. **REVENGE OF THE LIVING DEAD** 2. **CURSE OF THE LIVING DEAD** [directed by Roy W. Baker] 3. **FANGS OF THE LIVING DEAD** [starring Anita Ekberg] ... three feature films in one triple-bill package.

Wise old ghouls know that bad things always happen in threes. With the three films binging on omens of bad times for everyone. For the price of one end a few chills into the bargain is what **ORGY OF THE LIVING DEAD** means. And, as a special added attraction ... **ANITA EKBERG**! Now what could go wrong with a bewitching helling of ghouls, vampires and werewolves on **Plenty!** The lack of polarization on the parts of the willars and directors of these three episodic "melodrammers" is not to be believed ... or set through.

The first "evil" is called **REVENGE OF THE LIVING DEAD** and deals with a Mad Doctor who runs a mental institution [stop me if you've heard this one before]. Naturally a series of gruesome, unnatural murders takes place in the asylum and everyone is suspect. Went mad? O.K. There is a secret room in the asylum where the doctor keeps his patients locked up. Who comes along but the heroine who opens the secret room to "see what is inside." Ho Hum. You can write your own ending to this one.

The second course, or course if you will, is called **CURSE OF THE LIVING DEAD**. The title probably refers to these people who are unlimpsed if there ever was one. Another doctor spends 79 minutes trying to exorcise a malevolent ghoul from an ancient

monster. Extra added attractions in this one include a village witch, a werewolf and the ghost's mother. Help!

The light is now visible at the end of the haunted tunnel and the tired writers run out of clichés. So ... they hired Anita Ekberg to do a thing called **FANGS OF THE LIVING DEAD**. The enoder mated with the company with resident vampires who do not want to be evicted by new-owner Ekberg. As it turns out, Anita's great grandmother was a sorceress who gave immortality to her ancestors, turning them into blood drinkers and now they want to have immortality in their extremely deathless. This is not the best one of the three, but after the first two your senses are so numb as to be insensitive to anything. R.A.L.



AND NOW THE SCREAMING STARTS (1972) Directed by Roy Werd Baker. Starring Peter Cushing, Herbert Lom, Patrick Magee, Ian Ogilvy, Stephanie Beacham, Guy Rolfe.

If you're planning to see Peter Cushing's latest fright epic, plan on bringing a friend with you—not because you'll need the company, but because you'll need someone to wake you up when [end III] the screaming starts. **AND NOW THE SCREAMING STARTS** happens to be the title of the movie in question. Unfortunately, most movie patrons who catch this flesco will more than likely be screaming for a refund.

So, here we go. **Scary**! It's 1756 in Scotland. Charlie Fowden (Ian Ogilvy), a rich young man, has married Catherine, a beautiful young lady (Stephanie Beacham), and has moved her into his mansion on the English countryside. Everything goes

along pretty smoothly until a dismembered body starts appearing at Catherine Fowden's throat. Charles and everyone else on the estate thinks that the clawing, clutching hand is a product of the young man's imagination. But wait! Now the wife sees not only a bloody hand, but a ghastly specter missing one hand and two eyes ... unfortunately for Catherine, no one else sees the ghost or the hand.

While Catherine slowly goes bananas, all the folks hanging out at the mansion start seeing very suspiciously; like, is the ghost really the product of Catherine's sick mind, or does the ghost have a mind of its own? The winds up with a kind of kick-kneed exploration for all the ghostly goings-on that's as off-putting as the goings-on themselves. We'd tell you the explanation, but, well, you had to be there to appreciate it. M.B.



TWILIGHT PEOPLE (1972) Directed by Eddie Romero. Starring John Ashley, Pet Wood, Charles MacCauley, Jon Martin, Pam Grier.

Since John Ashley's last trip to **BLOOD ISLAND**, Filipino horror has come of age on the quality spectrum.

Ashley has produced many of these pictures and, while his acting fails to deviate from the usual histrionics, he and director Eddie Romero have broken tradition to create a small winner. Ashley is a soldier of

fortune kidnapped by the goons of a Dr. Gordon (Ches. McCauley), who wants his "Intelligence" to kick off a Post-Ecological Doomsday race of people, who are part animal, part man, what-horror you. Ashley's escape and the revolt of the creatures supplies the main action—the Man Bat steals the show when his wings finally enable him to fly. Romero is probably a nature lover, but his cameras capture in faultless color the majestic flora of a tropical rain forest and jungle. Speaking of color—Black and Beautiful Pam Grier plays the Panther Woman. Black monsters have come in since they were typecast as zombies or when a discovery like "Captive Wild Woman" Acuqueta had to pass for Brazilians instead of Afro Yankees.



taken from the pages of the old EC comic. The emphasis here is sadly on laughs rather than on horror, but the jokes simply do not work at all. Not one of them even comes close to matching the grisly grittiness of the original published stories as did several of the episodes in **TALES FROM THE CRYPT**. Expert horror veteran Roy Werd Baker merely directs anthology films, 6 to date; maybe it's time we put up the detour sign. D.B.

SOYLENT GREEN (1973) Directed by Richard Fleischer. Starring Charlton Heston, Leigh Taylor-Young, Chuck Connors, Joseph Cotten, Brock Peters, Edward G. Robinson.

This new MGM sciller is not nearly as good as it should be, considering the resources of its sizeable budget. Basically, the deeply pessimistic film is little more than a thinly disguised cops and robbers and politicians tale set in New York City in 2022 (as if anyone could imagine New York City in 2022). The people-scooper sequence upon which MGM is basing their ad campaign is disappointing, but the rest are ... in general, most of the film's scill aspects. Still, it is Edward G. Robinson's test picture, and he is very good. Charlton Heston, like Moses, et al, end looking too much his age for his role, not

Several of his exterior green-lit scenes are intriguing, like the sequence where Heston visits a street parked curb-to-curb with cars in which people live, i.e., the



new ghetto in a space-ele-
SOYLENT GREEN, is nicely done and, indeed, might just turn you off processed foods for awhile. D.B.

THE TWILIGHT PEOPLE (1972) Directed by Eddie Romero. Starring John Ashley, Pet Wood, Charles MacCauley, Jon Martin, Pam Grier.

Since John Ashley's last trip to **BLOOD ISLAND**, Filipino horror has come of age on the quality spectrum.

Ashley has produced many of these pictures and, while his acting fails to deviate from the usual histrionics, he and director Eddie Romero have broken tradition to create a small winner. Ashley is a soldier of

THE VAULT OF HORROR (1973) Directed by Roy Werd Baker. Starring Daniel Massey, Terry Thomas, Glynnis Johns, Curt Jurgens, Dawn Addams, Michael Craig, Edward Judd, Tom Baker, Denholm Elliott.

As a follow-up to last year's **TALES FROM THE CRYPT** and **ASYLUM**, Amicus now unveils **THE VAULT OF HORROR** which blends 5 choice-cut stories about vampires, lepers, voodoo, premature burials, and necrophilia. (7)

taken from the pages of the old EC comic. The emphasis here is sadly on laughs rather than on horror, but the jokes simply do not work at all. Not one of them even comes close to matching the grisly grittiness of the original published stories as did several of the episodes in **TALES FROM THE CRYPT**. Expert horror veteran Roy Werd Baker merely directs anthology films, 6 to date; maybe it's time we put up the detour sign. D.B.

While horror films have not produced a startling number of ladies of the liberated variety, there has always been a place for women in these films—usually in the paws or claws of some heavy-breathing

monster. Femme aficionado and all-around male chauvinist monster Bill Feret pays tribute to some of the greatest distressed damsels ever to scream an audience awake herewith...

BEAUTIES AND THEIR BEASTS!

THE HORROR HEROINES OF HOLLYWOOD



Lil Dagover was one of the first screen ladies to be manhandled by a monster—in this case Conrad Veidt as the mad somnambulist in the experimental 1919 film, *THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI*.



THE NEANDERTHAL MAN harasses Robert Shayne (opposite) Henderson in the 1953 TV series *THE NEANDERTHAL MAN* (TV series) plays the monster.



Eddie Powell, as a Hammer mummy, prepares to clutch Maggie Powell in *THE MUMMY'S SHROUD* (1967).

Have you ever thought what a dreary film KING KONG would have been if he hadn't had the hapless Ann Darrow to harass? Would one have felt one iota of sympathy for the Gill-Man in *THE CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON* if Julie Adams hadn't looked so good in a bathing suit? Would the excitement of the anti-climactic saucer scene in *THIS ISLAND EARTH* been quite as chilling if the alien had attacked Exeter instead of Ruth? "No," you shriek, a thousand times, "ehh!"

The fiend without the female is a one-dimensional boor, the lycanthrope without the lass is nothing more than a slavering animal, but add that slight touch of feminine charm and you've produced a sensitive ghoulie, oozing pathos. The hero feels his blood boil when confronted by the damsel in distress, aching to rescue her from the clutches of the creature; while the female feels the gooseflesh as she empathizes with the plight of the hero. For an audience to project themselves completely into the terror of the film, they have to relate to the predicament of the clutching cutie. The monster too reaps the benefits of the presence of the lady, no longer that gargantuan clod, he can feel emotion, and may even conjure up a little bit of sentimental "warmth."

And conversely, whenever the female of the species takes on the role of the fiendish antagonist, the monster has a



THIS ISLAND EARTH was invaded by Metulunam in 1955 ... and the first thing the fiends accomplished was the abduction of Faith Domergue, a weakless beauty shared by many monsters.

new side, charming, alluring and deadly. Honestly, have you ever seen a more deliciously deadly villainess than the super-browed, mascara-mad Sandra Harrison playing the she-vampire in *BLOOD OF DRACULA* or Allison Hayes as the sultry sorceress in *THE UNDEAD*? Why one would almost welcome those scarlet talons running through one's scalp.

When you've got it ... you've got "IT." It seems that those girls who project the pictures of the fiends on the screen have the ability to prevent the most frightening malevolence when they take on the role of the villainess. Hollywood, more often than one would think, has recognized this trait and alternates the perfect heroine with the frightful femme. Besides, whether playing the maligned or the malignant, the advertising posters look a lot better with a little cheesecake.

FAY CAME FIRST

It was probably the illustrious performance of Fay Wray that was responsible for setting the pattern for the heroines to come later. Not only was she one of the first, but also one of the best screamers the world has ever seen. Though KING KONG remains one of her best known films, she did a lot of shrieking in such other milestone films as *THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME*, *DOCTOR X*, *THE VAMPIRE BAT*, and the first experimental technicolor (two-tone) film



Glenn Strange as the Frankenstein Monster gives mermaid Ann Blyth a lift on the set of ABBOTT AND COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN. Ann looks less than terrified, though.

MYSTERY OF THE WAX MUSEUM in 1933, which was remade twenty years later as the 3D epic, *HOUSE OF WAX*.

Though not as successful with the maidens of monsterdom, I should mention, if briefly, the heroines of the serial, for none other have endured so much in lost temples, sacrificial altars, grotesque anthropoids, death-dealing machinery as these. Jean Rogers fought off Ming's advances in the first two *FLASH GORDON* serials, while Frances Gilford was the besieged Nyoka in *JUNGLE GIRL*, a role also played by Kay Aldridge for 15 more episodes in *PERILS OF NYOKA*. Linda Stirling appeared in half-a-dozen different cliff-hangers, and somehow survived.

The beautiful Julie Adams, some thirty years later, would meet herader.

sary in the guise of THE CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON. Though this was her only venture into the lair of the beast, she endured more in this one film than many other harried heroines did in several. In fact, during the actual filming she was knocked unconscious in the cave scene, and it wasn't till the scene was completed that anyone knew it!

A girl who survived by the Black Lagoon's bidding was Lori Nelson in REVENGE OF THE CREATURE, who went on to suffer further tortures at the hands of the three-eyed mutant in THE DAY THE WORLD ENDED.

A heroine with a "bird-and-bee" complex was Mara Corday. The bothersome bird turned out to be the interstellar canary in THE GIANT CLAW, while the insects manifested themselves in both THE BLACK SCORPION and TARANTULA.

In addition to finding herself besieged by outer space activities and the Marauding Mutants in THIS IS NOT EARTH, Faith Domergue was the "sucker" for the gigantic octopus in IT CAME FROM BEHIND THE SEA, she spent some slightly "mixed-up time" with THE ATOMIC MAN, but in the end turned viper as the were-serpent in CULT OF THE COBRA. Even now, Miss Domergue continues undaunted in the yet-unreleased films, *HOUSE OF THE SEVEN CORPSES* and *SO EVIL MY SISTER*.

BATTLING BEVERLY

Beverly Garland is a very competent dramatic actress and comedienne, but she

Oliver Reed emits THE CURSE OF THE WEREWOLF when Yvonne Romain resists his advances. The 1961 Hammer Horror effort was one of the best of its kind ever made.



The normally beautiful Barbara Steele is caught during an off moment in BLACK SUNDAY. Barbara has haunted the erotic nightmares of many a horror film fan.

got her start screaming opposite THE NEANDERTHAL MAN in 1953. She followed this with a couple of quickie horror epics—American-International, killed by the carrot creature from Venus in IT CONQUERED THE WORLD, only to be resurrected for the Devonian demon in NOT OF THIS EARTH. Somewhere along the way, she met Bomba, the Jungle Boy for KILLER LEOPARD, and while still in the jungle, was dragged off by the TURUCUCH BEASTS OF THE AMAZON. There she met and fell in love with the ALLIGATOR PEOPLE, but it wasn't quite as (crock-) idyllic as she imagined and so settled for several seasons of terror on MY THREE SONS. Beverly can still be seen playing drunks and shrill neurotics on all the major television dramas.

With her sensuous beauty and fantastic figure, the heroine role fell to Alison Hayes only once in THE UNEARTHLY.



Bela Lugosi could menace ladies with the best of them. Here he admires Helen Chandler's neck in a scene from the original DRACULA.

Being a monster is mostly hard work, but it does have its compensations...



THE CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON premiered the company of Julia Adams to his innately undersized lils. Nothing good ever came of the match, however.

but has she a record for playing the gorgeous ghoul? She essayed the title role of the giantess in *ATTACK OF THE 50 FT. WOMAN*, was the Voodoo queen in *THE DISEMBODIED*, a witch in *THE UNDEAD*, an undead in *ZOMBIES OF MORA-TAU*, and the murderous mesmerist in *THE HYPNOTIC EYE*.

Having been cast as the *Miss Femer* in *Cyrano de Bergerac*, Mala Powers found that battling boobies in the Brazilian jungles in *THE UNKNOWN TERROR* was even more rewarding, so she had a blind date with the *COLOSSUS OF NEW YORK*. That would seem to be enough to discourage anybody, but we'll next see Miss Powers in the soon-to-be-released production of *MONSTER DAY*.

Peggy Cummins, the woman she is as a have-a-fancier, braided her hair, and entered the heroine competition. Her first endeavor had her committing suicide in the dream ending of *INVASION U.S.A.*, escaping grasshoppers in *BEGINNING OF THE END*, only to be possessed by an evil spirit in *BACK FROM THE DEAD*.

THE CYCLOPS found Gloria Talbott a delectable eyeful, but she managed to escape long enough to become a bride in *I*

FRANKENSTEIN CREATED WOMAN in the form of Susan Oenbarg in 1957. Peter Cushing played the mad doctor in this generally lamed Hammer affair.



MARRIED A MONSTER FROM OUTER SPACE. If that weren't enough, she discovered a grisly skeleton in her family closet, and became a no-goodnik in *THE DAUGHTER OF DR. JEKYLL*.



Lon Chaney Jr. drags Eliya Knox to THE MUMMY'S TOMB, but only because Evelyn Ankers had prior commitments—she was no doubt being chased by other monsters in another part of the Universal lot.

HAMMER HEROINES

As the British entered the budding Horror market, most notably with the emergence of Hammer, the bestial screams could be heard across the ocean.

A Hammer rethead by the name of Hazel Court started off early at Hammer, starring in their first classic remake, *THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN*, and later in *THE MAN WHO COULD CHEAT DEATH*. Her heroine cycle (that's a two-wheeler) was short-lived, but as Roger Corman started filming the works of Edgar Allan Poe for AIP, he chose

Hazel to add her bewitching charms to such spits as *THE PREMATURE BURIAL*, *MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH* and *THE RAVEN*. What you'd call "Poe-etic justice"?

Barbara Steele was in there pitching (or is that witching?) too. She gave a superb portrayal of the eldritch enchantress in *BLACK SUNDAY*, and merrily went her way screaming in films like *THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM*, *CASTLE OF TERROR* and *THE HORRIBLE DR. HITCHCOCK*.

Another British Barbara, Shelley this time, made the scene quite dramatically, alternating heroine with horror, while frequently appearing at the Hammer Horror Factory. She was *THE CAT GIRL*, and *THE GORGON*, a disciple of *DRACULA*, *PRINCE OF DARKNESS*, and then became the molested in *BLOOD OF THE VAMPIRE*, *THE HOUSE OF DANGEROUS RASPUTIN*, *THE MAD MONK*, and gave a stunning performance in the now classic *Quatermass III*, *FIVE MILLION YEARS TO EARTH*.

ANKERS AWAY

Yet if a title is to be given for the greatest amount of appearances as mistress and monster it would be given to Evelyn Ankers, who made her mark under contract to Universal at the peak of the horror cycle (that's a 5-wheeler) of the forties. Her screen credits read like a Who's-Who of Monsters. Her monster debut was made fending off *Lon Chaney's THE WOLF MAN*, then the British-born lass was treated to an even worse fate at the hands of Abbott and Costello in *HOLD THAT GHOST*. She appeared in *SHRIEKHOUSE*, *THE VOICE OF TERROR* and *THE PEARL OF DEATH*, met up with the masters in *SON OF DRACULA* and *GHOST OF FRANKENSTEIN*, as well as such lesser villains as *THE MAD GHOUL* and *THE FROZEN GHOST* and even *THE INVISIBLE MAN'S REVENGE*. She turned nasty for *CAPTIVE WILD WOMAN*, *WEIRD WOMAN* (which was based on *FRIDA LUCIA*), *SONG OF THE WILD WOMAN* (this's made a lot of baaahsome ladies) and finally greeted the Apeman himself in *TARZAN'S MAGIC FOUNTAIN*. Almost all the great fiends of filmdom were her nemesis, and she herself became the nemesis for other heroines. That's some record, and of all the screamers, she must



THE VAMPIRE AND THE BALLERINA were a match made in Italy, back in 1961. Iacopo Ravaoli played the vampire, Maria Luisa Rolando the ballerina.

rank at the head of the list. Thirteen in all, how apropos! Still lovely, and married to actor Richard Denning, himself the hero of many excursions into the unknown, she has retired from the silver "scream," none the worse for the wear(wolf)?

There are many others who have done their share of bellowing before the beast, actresses like Maria English, Joan Taylor, Colleen Gray, Cathy Downs, all turning in fine performances against monstrous odds, but it remains for the Am era who wins the title *Horror Heroine Champion*.

As long as there are monsters to be screamed at, there will always be some lascivious lovely barely escaping extinction at his clutches, rushing into the arms of the conquering hero, and that, my dear readers, will probably be as long as there are films to be made.

Freddie March, in *Mr. Hyde* drag, warms up to Miriam Hopkins in the 1931 production of *DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE*. That's him for Mr. Hyde, but Dr. Jekyll won't go far it at all.







This rugged rendering of David Carradine as KUNG FU's Kwai Chang Caine originally appeared in the Official KUNG FU STAR TREK Catalog No. 4. Nice drawing!

BY BILL FERET

KING KUNG-FU

The new screen excitement that gives you the biggest kick of your life!

dented success of the ABC teleseries, KUNG FU, there has been an incredible influx of films of this family. David Carradine, who stars as Kwai Chang Caine, has become a revered "cult" figure. Who ever would have thought that a Chinese Western about a bare-foot drifter with "Robin Hood" tendencies would ever have been a success? Not even The Shadoks could have known that.

Yet it was that very success that prompted a few far-sighted distributors to grab a hold of a few "Kung Fu-Karate" films, made on a shoestring in the Orient, and release them here in America. In Asia, Europe and South Africa, these films have been enjoying a box office bonanza for several years now. Actors heretofore unheard of are now "matinee idols." America is eating it up, and with the gigantic amount of films yet to be released, may find its belly stuffed to the point of bursting, before too long.



Nancy Kwan leads her WONDER WOMEN into an unseen lay in the soon-to-be-released movie of the same name. The film's original title was WOMEN OF TRANSPLANT PLANT ISLAND, but movie moguls have since decreed that transplants are "out" and farts are "in."

Martial arts maven, Bruce Lee has FEET OF FRENZY to go along with his FISTS OF FURY, giving him a one-two, three-four combination

Film fads come and go, sometimes very quickly and often never to be heard from again. The James Bond thrillers of the 60's inspired untold imitations all over the world, films whose popularity paled after a few brief years of economic glory. Now it's the Kung Fu film that's got its deadly hand around the industry and, before it fades, we dispatched TMT Teletypist Bill Feret to investigate the Kung Fu phenomenon. We suggest you read this article quickly, though... otherwise the trend might be over with before you finish reading.

DEADLY DIGITS, Pinky of Peril, Nasty Knuckles, Thumb of Thunder.

These days, The Flying Finger of Fate is high on the Hollywood horizon and it's gotten more than a few official reviews. Rumor has it they're planning a film called KING KUNG-FU! (That's a lie, but don't be too surprised if it should really show up some day.)

Karate is not only "IN," it's everywhere. With the immediate and unprece-

At least partially responsible for the current martial arts film trend is the popularity of the KUNG FU teleseries, starring David (Son of Long John) Carradine. In the series, Carradine portrays Caine, a Chinese-American refugee and certified Shaolin priest who has fled his native China after killing a member of the Imperial family who had murdered his teacher. The series explores the cultural differences between the peaceful, spiritual Buddhist religion he has fled to and China's more aggressive, hostile inhabitants of an American West of the 1870's. Carradine gets plenty of opportunity to display his kung fu talents in the show when he defends the weak against the sometimes brutal forces of the barbarous frontier. The show has been doing as well as Carradine has been allowed to let some of his hair grow back!

By the way, we hear that ABC would like to hear what you think about the KUNG FU series. Anybody who has seen it recently, FREE photo of David Carradine, so if you're interested in supporting the show or in getting a free photo, write: KUNG FU, c/o ABC, 4151 Prospect Avenue, Hollywood, California 90027.

FIVE FINGERS POINTS THE WAY

It all started when FIVE FINGERS OF DEATH came on the screen scene. Hyped by a smashing ad campaign from Warner Bros., it's become an overnight sensation.

Not to be outdone, National General released FISTS OF FURY, which has equalled and, in some areas, outdone FF of D. It's star, Bruce Lee, has become a STAR in capital letters. His only other noteworthy role was that of Kato on the short-lived television series, THE GREEN HORNET, starring Van Williams.

Now, check it out, it's KUNG, take it back. Did you ever expect to see a film titled DEEP THRUST? The little battling beauty who stars in this flick has netted for her producers almost half-a-million dollars in box office business ... in New York ALONE!

And there's an entire collection of Oriental fighting styles that haven't even been exploited on the screen yet.

The basic Japanese styles are: Akido—the art of "softness" or "flexibility," rather a self-defense technique; Kendo—based on the Samurai sword-fighters, similar to Western fencing; Ju-Jitsu—something of a Judo of the streets, anything goes ... eye-gouging, limb-cracking, very unethical; Judo—this is a highly respected sport, with a distinct set of rules and regulations. Karate—literally meaning "empty hands," highly disciplined, mostly hand work, feet to be kept on the floor. It's considered to be kept art form.

These are strictly Japanese schools of martial art. In China, they are mostly all combined under the one title of Kung Fu, translated literally as "connoisseur."

Korean Karate is called Tai Kwan Do and utilizes much more use of the feet than hands while Hapkido, another form of Karate, calls for more physical grappling and use of the hands.

With all this material to work with, and the most inexpensive production facilities in the world, the oriental film is just coming into its own.

This is just the beginning, you ain't seen nothin' yet.



The sudden and frantic emergence of the martial arts movies has forced us to switch from our "I'm-a-good-guy" attitude to a clear-listed Kung Fu photon, like this one of Bruce Lee getting ready to settle a score with his powerful FISTS OF FURY. But don't despair ... we've got more hand-clutching monsters elsewhere in the issue.

General Film Corp. enters the competition with WONDER WOMEN, starring gorgeous Oriental Nancy Kwan. Originally titled GIRLS OF TRANSPLANT ISLAND, she is meant to play down the now not-quite-so-timely "transplant" as pect and play up the lethal ladies.

The Britons join up with their BIG ZAPPER, which is more than just a little girl. Played by Linda Marchan, she carries a pair of 257 maggots besides her pair of ... cheepers. If you see her, you'd know she was "Cream of the Chop."

KILLERS FROM HONG KONG

The Hong Kong-based Shaw Brothers, who started this whole thing with the American release of FIVE FINGERS, have in release, or will have soon, films

like (ready?) INVINCIBLE BOXER, THE NEW ONE-ARMED SWORDSMAN, CHINESE BOXER, LADY HERMIT, BOXER FROM SHANTUNG, FOUR TEEN AMAZONS, MAN OF IRON, BELLS OF DEATH, THE KILLER, TWELVE GOLDEN MEDALLIONS, THE DELINQUENT, ALL MEN ARE BROTHERS, KISS OF THE POLICE FIGHT, and GOOD BROTHERS. No wonder the most expensive item on the budget is the supply of fake blood!

Wang Yu, star of FIVE FINGERS, will be seen shortly in BEACH OF THE GODS. While Angela Mao, demure and deadly darling of DEEP THRUST, will be soon seen in HAP-KI-DO. Both from Cathay Films.

If this doesn't whet the American public's thirst for blood and hunger for violence, then nothing will. I'll have a salami on Sesame.

To quote Newsweek magazine: "Arggh! Zap! Wham! Thunk! Thwup! Chung! Whup!"—And that was just the trailer.

The oriental sensation— now gives America the action it's been waiting for!

Superstar Jim Jones brought us his Interpretation of scenes appearing in FIVE FINGERS OF DEATH. He has now come to America to interpret the latest rash of martial arts movies has stirred anew the perennial battle between Pro-violence-in-the-movies and Anti-violence-in-the-movies. We at TMT take both sides on this one; we sent this in all back and white which there have at each other.



Imagine a gang of mean, malicious motorcycle hoods who meet up with an even meaner, more malicious cult of devil-worshippers who turn a couple of the bikers into werewolves. Well, all of us fall prey to some pretty trite fantasies from time to time, but most of us have learned to deal with them... usually by taking an aspirin and lying down for awhile. Not so Paul Lewis and Michel Levesque—they made a movie out of just such a fantasy and called it **WEREWOLVES ON WHEELS**. Noted TMT Teletypist Bill Ferri tells you all about it here...



I believe it or not, **WEREWOLVES ON WHEELS** was not the worst film this reviewer's ever seen. The story was actually somewhat better than I had expected, though it was as trite as your average B-fright flick. Still, it was better than **HORROR OF PARTY BEACH** and even **I WAS A TEENAGE WEREWOLF**, just to name two, and that must count for something, no?

In the film, members of "The Devil's Advocates," a biker gang, get involved with a cult of devil-worshippers headed by an archfiend called "One," menacingly played by D.J. Anderson. The distinguished actor and accomplished comedian, was one of the original founders of the improvisational satire group, The Second City, some years back and puts his talents to work in this one, playing the demented demon worshipper with great gusto, elan and panache.

The cult, in short order, drugs the gang and steals Helen (Dawn Anderson), gang member, the better they might sacrifice her to Satan. In a trance, she does a little erotic solo show, with a snake as her partner, after which the "Oil Horned and Horny" master himself makes her his blushing bride. When the gang awakens from their stupor, they promptly attack the satan-worshippers and recaptures the girl.

The leader of the pack is named Adam and played by Stephen Oliver. You might

remember him as the "loungy" Marlon Brando-type aspiring actor in the television series, **BRACKEN'S WORLD**. The bikers ride off into the sunset and make out with the night, however. Adam gets amorous with Helen, now the Devil's bride, who responds by gleefully biting his neck. One would have thought that it was only vampirism on the prowl, had not the title warned us otherwise.

DANGERS IN THE NIGHT

In the morning, the gang discovers that two of their own have been brutally murdered. One gang member, Tarot—a self-styled sage who had been predicting trouble for the gang all along—claims there is evil in their presence. Sure enough, on the following night, another member is murdered—this time the guard that Adam had placed to watch.

Tarot persists on telling the gang that there is some unknown force at work. We are not warned off the deed on this last bit saying, so we, the audience, know for sure. The next night, at the campsite, Tarot and Adam get into a fight, during which Adam starts the lycanthropic transformation, and so does (even as we suspected all along) his girlfriend.

The gang sets fire to the girl, but Adam jumps on his motorcycle, in order to 1) make his escape, and 2) justify the film's title. The gang gives chase and, in a rather



Stephen Oliver as a biker-turned-werewolf abouts the California desert with murder and mayhem on his mind. The producers apparently wanted to kill two gannons with a single film and unfortunately, they almost succeeded.

The deafening roar of the mighty choppers booming down a dusty highway and the thunderous footsteps of an audience stampeding towards an EXIT sign can only mean one thing... that the **WEREWOLVES ON WHEELS** is coming!

exciting pursuit scene, manage to set fire to the bike, too as he speeds down the road into the darkness. With their leader and his old lady all burned up—victims of the evil cult—left behind, the gang, with Tarot now at the helm, decides to wreak vengeance upon the cultists.

As they return to attack the Satanic society—and here's the innovative part of the flick—they are overwhelmed and turned into Devil doppelgangers themselves. The doppelgangers of man are now free to carry on their master's work.

The color wasn't bad at all, and I rather liked the werewolf make-up, which, though fairly standard, was not nearly as amateurish as some. Performances were a notch above adequate, and the sinister D.J. Darden was convincingly malevolent. William Gray, of **FATHER KNOWS BEST**, was **EVIL** in **THE NIGHT MUSTERS** from, um, in a brief but funny bit as a car salesman.

As for the title, in truth there was only one werewolf on wheels—but still, it's better than calling it **FUZZY RIDER**, at least.

WEREWOLVES ON WHEELS (1971) 84 minutes. Directed by Michel Levesque. Written by Levesque and David M. Karmen. Starring Stephen Oliver, Severn Darden, D.J. Anderson, William Gray, Duane Berry, Michael McGuire, John Hall, Carl Lee, Leonard Rogol.

The Monster Times

Teletype

... is our way of getting the latest hot-off-the-wire info to you: reviews, previews, scoops on horror films in production, newsworthy monster curiosities, bulletin, and other gurus-flashes. There are several contributors to our hodge-podge Teletype page ... BILL FERET, our man in Show Biz (he's a professional actor, singer, dancer with the impressive resume list of stage, film and TV credits to his name), makes use of his vast professional experiences and leads to Feret's items of interest to monster fans, and duly report on them in his flashing Writer-Wind-chill manner.

It certainly looks like the "Hornet Hall of Fame" is about to have another master of monsters added to its list of members, as Jack Palance joins the company of Boris and Bela. With the filming of CRAZE already in the can, in which he plays a demon-worshipper, and production just completed on *Urgent* on *Dark Castle* too ... the TV film version of *DR. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. That one, thank goodness, is "done" ... and *ghosts*, THE NOONDAY SUN, starring Peter Sellers.

Dimension Pictures has in release two little ditties titled BEYOND ATLANTIS, and a beast-people epic called TWILIGHT PEOPLE.

CONCEIVED AND SPANNED
IN A WORLD
BENEATH THE SEA!
BORN FROM NATURE...

BY ANDREW MARX



BEYOND ATLANTIS

Speaking of Jack ... the Ripper, that is ... he's still around in the movie again. Besides a new version, set in (you ready?) Abilene, Texas in 1888, titled JACK THE RIPPER GOES WEST, 20th Century Fox TV is ready for the Century Theatre presentation of the hoodlum's spoor on the lascivious lunatic London. The series was shot in color in Britain. Another entry from Fox is MOONBASE THREE, which will also consist of six hour-long color segments.

Fox has started production on their new futuristic-space yarn concerning immortality, entitled ZARDOS, in Ireland. The adventuresome "James Bond" himself, Sean Connery, stars, having replaced the aging Bob Reynolds. The mysterious Charlotte Rampling, of GEORGY GIRL, co-stars.

The father of ROSEMARY'S BABY, author Ira Levin that is, is readying a new thriller for the Broadway stage titled VERONICA'S ROOM. This could be quite a production.

JERRY LEWIS AS FRANKENSTEIN?????????



CREATURES FEATURED

COMMUNIST MONSTER

Anyons who thought the plot for THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS was far out, would do well to study the latest scientific reports coming out of Siberia. Scientists found a small seal-like animal, which they named *Uphik*, at a depth of 23 feet. They thawed out the ice and the tiny amphibian came to life! The leader of the government panel would not be moved to apologize to the World Congress of Scientists, but he agreed to examine the creature. The lizard turned out to be a Siberian iguanid, a species of lizard known to exist only in the desert. But that's not the biggest surprise: as the result of a radioactive test on the tiny creature, it showed the Uphik to be nearly 100 years old! It would have to be 100 years old to have survived 20,000 FATHOMS—that an ancient creature could survive sub-arctic temperatures for years, and then return to life—is indeed true!

SNOWMAN?

If a fellow named Ron Olson gets his way, we'd be seeing a mall "Abominable Snowman" in the near future. Olson is trying to keep the legendary man-ape Olson is presently in Oregon, concentrating his search in the area around Mount Hood. Olson's interest in the area of the snowman has been the result of many sightings—by the snowman, and Olson has placed a heavy steel trap there. In hopes of capturing the "man" he has set up so the creatures are lured into the mire's work, so he's built a local man to live on the same site, and below the same results. It's armed with a spear and a bow and arrow, and the spear is surrounded by a wire sawing device. It and when it's broken, that's indeed true!

On the other side of the world, the original "Abominable Snowman of the Himalayas" is back in the news. Two members of a television crew from the U.S. are attempting to climb the top of "Mystery Mountain,"—the legendary home of the "King of the Yeti."

The mountainous vies the peak as a holy place, which, they believe, holds secrets still unknown to man. The Sherpa villagers speak of it as the abode of the "Great White Father" of mountains.

ORACLE ON PARADE

Just about everybody knows that the "Great White Father" of the Himalayas, Count Olafsky was actually (and still is) after a movie "Monsieur"—the crust Vlad Orsac. The ruthless avenger of Boris Karloff's vaporous government, part of Transylvania, the last half of the 19th century. Now, his ancestral home has become a tourist attraction. A group of American kids got a thrill when they visited the castle of the Bloodied Castle, in what is now part of Romania. 120 lucky newspaper delivery boys went on the tour, as part of a PARADE magazine youth trip.

—Linton English

Joan Crawford has been pegged to play the lead in the usually all-male thriller SLEUTH on tour. "Would be a first, though whether she plays opposite another lady or a guy has yet to be determined."

THE EXORCIST in October? ... maybe. Director William Friedkin is hovering over a team of editors to have it completed by that date. It should be a fantastic achievement. The sat was kept in a refrigeration unit at 10 degrees F. so as to slow the breaking of the action as the film plagued by the icy evil. The soundtrack will have NO music whatsoever. Ken Nordine, former organist, will create sounds never heard before. The film is from the AKA Equipment. Ellen Burstyn, nominated for an Oscar for her superb performance in THE LAST PICTURE SHOW, is the heroine. It's sure to be a chilling (aha) experience anyway you look at it.



The same people who are bringing THE SPECTRE OF EDGAR ALLEN POE to us shortly are bringing us another of their new production, a psycho-thriller called SCHIZO. Two heads are better than one.

George Cukor has accepted the title role in the filmization of Michael Crichton's TERMINAL MAN at MGM. Film just started lensing in L.A. Crichton himself is directing a chiller now before the cameras, called WESTWORLD, starring Yul Brynner.

THE SHADOW GHOST, a haunting thriller based on Hilla Haas' novel, starting production in England.

Agatha Christie's thriller, MURDER ON THE ORIENT EXPRESS, will find its way to the screen via the Britain-based film company Anglo-EMI.

Robert Mulligan, director of THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN, has similar chores with the less-than-a-Ross Dombrov novel, THE DROWNING POOL.

Early next year, after director Franco Zeffirelli takes the directorial helm on a new, big-budget production of DANTE'S INFERNO, if it can rival the thirties version with Spencer Tracy, this is a must-see.

TNT is proud to announce that our very own Books Editor, R. Allen Leder, has a terrific interview with Gene Roddenberry, including a preview of the new Star Trek movie, in the January issue of SHOW Magazine. For those of you who can't find SHOW on your newsstand, and those who can't afford it, you can order it by mail. Just send \$1.00 to: SHOW, 801 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.



CON-CALENDAR

| DATE | CONVENTION | LOCATION | PRICE | FEATURES |
|-------------------------|---|---|------------------------------|--|
| August 12 Sept. 9 | THE SECOND SUNDAY Phil Seuling 621 Avenue 2 Brooklyn, New York | THE HOTEL McALPIN New York City | \$1 at the door | COMIC BOOK DEALERS DISPLAY No special guests |
| July 15, August 19 | OLD COMIC BOOK CLUB Chicago, Illinois | YMCA HOTEL 826 S. Wabash Chicago, Illinois | 50 cents at the door | No special guests, but buying, trading and cheap table space |
| Sept. 1-3 | TORCON 2— 31st Annual World S-F Con PO Box 4, Sta. K Toronto 12, Ontario, Canada | ROYAL YORK HOTEL Toronto, Canada | contact con for fan fairs | Awarding of Hugo and Nebula awards |
| August 16- August 19 | SAN DIEGO COMIC CONVENTION Post Office Box 17000 San Diego, Calif. 92117 | SHERATON INN- HARBOR ISLAND HOTEL San Diego, California 92117 | no info, contact con. | Guests: Neal Adams, Carmine Infantino, Jack Kirby, Seymour, D.C. Fontana and others |

THE CON-CALENDAR is a special exclusive feature of THE MONSTER TIMES. Annex the country, seemingly every weekend, comic sets, fests, lams, horror and monster fests and evenkathes gather to buy, sell, trade, collect and listen to speeches. These affairs are not to be missed. They are the place to go to meet the people who get-togethers other than on the lurid strips, but the people are affable and friendly, and there is always the chance that you can pick up some rare items for your collection.

But really, conventions are for meeting people—familiar, infamous and unknown.

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TELL IT TO THE EDITOR

CREEP CRAWLS TO CLEVELAND!

To the editor...

There is a new horror host I've heard about called THE CREEP. Are you considering putting an article on him in TMT in the future? He's new here to Cleveland, and I've drawn a picture of him for you.

Speaking of horror hosts, did you guys ever hear of ERNIE ANDERSON? If you did, you might know he played a Cleveland horror host called GHOULARDI. Supreme Horror Host. Could you try to dig up some information or pictures on him?

Tony Batone
Maple Hts., Ohio

It's apparent that you've missed several issues of THE MONSTER TIMES (namely, Issues 20, 21 and 22), where several CREEP stories have run. We didn't know about THE CREEP had made the long trek to Cleveland. His popularity seems to be growing.

We'll try to dig up some stories and the like on GHOULARDI, even though we've never heard of him.

IT'S A FAMILY AFFAIR!

To the editor...

I was disappointed to see that Godzilla had won the monster poll instead of King Kong, even though I didn't vote. Godzilla may be a bit scary, but he's pretty fake. I think King Kong is much scarier than Godzilla. I think King Kong should have won too! I think he should have won everything and not even have been in the "worst monster" category.

Monte Devendititis, Age 8
Hempstead, New York 11550

To the editor...

I was outraged to see that GODZILLA won the monster poll instead of KING KONG. I felt this way because compared to KING KONG, GODZILLA looks so fake it's underhanded. And I think you know that the movie "GODZILLA, King of the Monsters" was half as exciting as the movie "King Kong" which was made in 1933. I don't!

Louie Devendititis, Age 11
Hempstead, New York 11550

To the editor...

I was sorely disappointed with the results of your monster poll (Volume 1, Number 22). That Godzilla, with all his phoniness and cheapness, could out-poll King Kong is indicative of the sad state of your once fine publication. Either you fixed the poll in the first place (I refuse to believe), or your readership is full of baloney monster appreciation wise. These crepe-paper balloon monsters are a discredit to the horror movie tradition. Godzilla is to King Kong as Duris Day is to Judy Garland or plasticity is to creativity. You are becoming a cutesy, gimmicky vapor rag. Wake up!

Prof. Paul Devendititis
Hempstead, New York 11550

Well, well, if it isn't King Kong's one family member. It seems like old Kong has a pocket of support on in the New York City hinterlands.

You are all, of course, entitled to your opinions concerning who your own favorite monster is, but the poll overwhelming is showing that King Kong is the favorite with TMT readers. We didn't fix the poll (why in the world would we even want to), we didn't enjoy anyone, we just offered them a clear choice and they picked their winner. It's interesting that at least one of you dissenters admitted to not voting. Certainly, if you felt this strongly about King Kong, you should have voted. It's late to decry the choice of your fellow monster fans.

As for Professor's complaint that TMT readers are all wet "monster appreciation wise", we'd humbly submit to Professore Devendititis that he doesn't have the right to judge all monster fans. We would also ask for his credentials to pass judgment on other people's intelligence.

King Kong was naturally upset. At a news conference called several days after the announcement, he was quoted as saying, "You won't have King Kong to kick around anymore."



THE MONSTER TIMES WANTS TO HEAR FROM YOU! We're always looking for new ideas. That's why we want letters, comments, stories, reviews, artwork, drawings, poems, and anything else you can think of. TMT is willing to listen. Please send us the "Thinking Man's" letter to the editor. If you don't have a "Thinking Man's" letter to the editor, we can take it. Send all letters to: The MONSTER TIMES, Box 559, Old Chelsea Station, New York, New York 10011.

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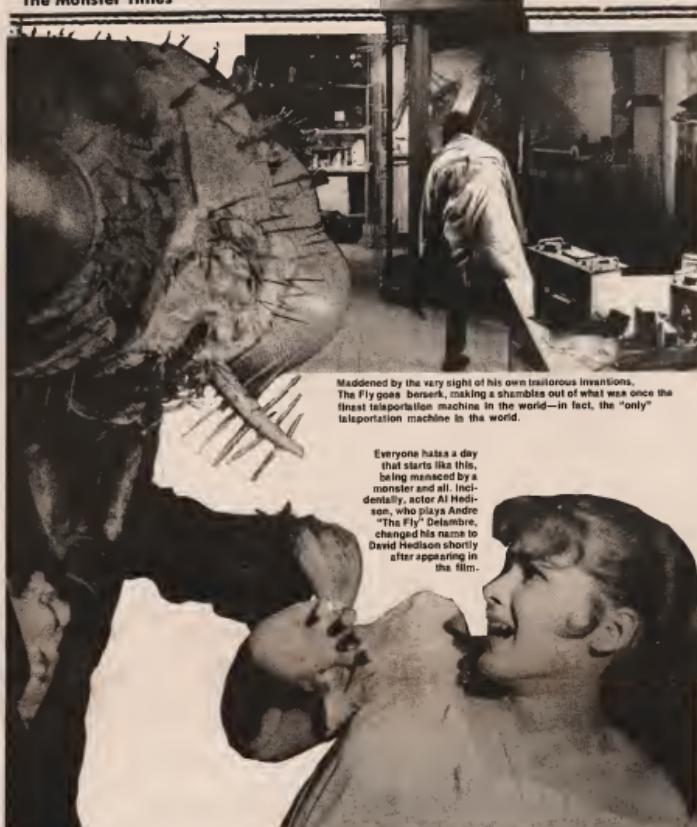
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Maddened by the very sight of his own traitorous inventions. The Fly goes berserk, making a shambles out of what was once the finest teleportation machine in the world—in fact, the "only" teleportation machine in the world.

Everyone hates a day that starts like this, being manaced by a monster and all. Incidentally, actor Al Hedison, who plays Andre "The Fly" Delambre, changed his name to David Hedison shortly after appearing in the film.

David Hedison shortly after appearing in the film.

that would make any other woman scream with terror.

THE FLY Continued from page 5

"He's coming around now, Helene," I heard Brandon say.

"Will he be alright?" mother asked.

"Yes, but he's had quite a bad shock. It

may be some time before you'll be able to
see him. Inspector?"

With that I opened my eyes fully and

With that I opened my eyes fully and mother came quickly forward. "Philip, are

mother came quickly forward. "Hans, are you alright, dear?" I nodded, and as I did a man Dr. Brandon identified as Inspector Charas pressed his way to my side and asked me to give him the full details behind everything that had gone on in the lab.

After explaining the entire story of my shocking experience, I asked if he knew where my father was—to which the inspector only replied, "I don't know, Phillip, we were hoping you could tell us." And with that mother began to cry uncontrollably. Finding myself too weak to rise and comfort her, I could only watch as the two men escorted her out of the silent room... silent except for the crushed hum of a household somewhere off by the window. I began to scream once again before I ~~blacked out~~.

The fly and the man in father were still in contest and it was with great difficulty that the man in him kept the monster in check. The loathsome hand at times reached out for mother with God knows what horrible designs and the man's hand had to forcibly restrain it. On a blackboard father wrote:

A MEAN MOTHER

Father then led my entranced mother out into the night, and when they came where they entered a shed containing a huge, hydraulic metal press. Father set the press; placed his head and arm in the press bed so they would be mashed unrecognizable and then gestured to mother to release the plunger. She did so and then moved to the press as though to pull father from under the plunger. Suddenly he grabbed her and held her and grabbed her dress in an effort to pull her into the press. It was obvious the fly half of my father was attempting to escape the press, but the man's hand, controlled by the remnants of my father's nature resolutely held to the press.

At the last possible moment, mother tore herself free. Then, as the fly—and the man—were crushed, mother ran dazedly out of the shed.

It was only after my recovery that I learned that father had run amok through the laboratory, smashing all the equipment with a fire axe so that his process couldn't be re-established by anyone else. Following his rage in the basement, father rushed upstairs to mother—covering his head with a black cloth so as not to alarm or upset her. Mother's reaction was somewhat of a calm one, but then mother was always cool, never giving in to fears

matter. When Brandon insisted the story to be true, Charas just cynically suggested, "Find the fly."

For the next few days Brandon sought the fly hectically, but, not very hopefully, and was unsuccessful. When Charas finally came with an ambulance and the police cars to take mother away, Brandon was forced to confess to mother that he lied in telling her he had found the fly. Then, as mother was being forcibly taken away, Brandon, in a fit of hysterical crying that I had heard a fly outside the bedroom window during my recovery, quickly, everyone rushed around to the back of the house, knowing full well the horror that might be waiting there. When I reached the spot under my window, I realized why the hum of the fly had been insane. There, strung between a large clump of bushes, was the biggest spider web I had ever seen. As I lay there, I could hear again the heart-rending flapping of tiny wings, along with the "squeak...squeak" of a small fly caught in the spider's sticky trap. But when we walked closer to the web, I discovered something that made my blood run cold. For there entangled in the silky strands was the image of my father. He was looking up at me from the body of a fly! Even Inspector Charas could hear the faint, high-pitched wails. "Help! Help! Help! Someone help us!" as a huge, brown spider came racing out to devour him. The shocked Charas almost instinctively reached for a boulder and came down with a crashing blow on the whole gaudy scene.

now on the whole gravity scene.

After it was all over, Dr. Brandon pointed out that by crushing the fly, Charas was as guilty of murder as mother. "I know," Charas muttered, "but who will believe me?" He agreed, however, to report father's death as a suicide and relieved mother of any restraint. And with that the whole nightmarish affair was finished—at least for the next two decades.

During my maturing teen years I worked hard at all my studies, hoping to follow in my father's footsteps. Mother was against it all the way, however, and there would be many times she'd retell the story of how she had to kill father--hoping that it would dissuade me from continuing with my work in dad's old laboratory.

Father had been a fine scientist in his day, but he'd been working in the dark ages as far as equipment was concerned.

"Help me-e ... help me-e-eel!" cries tiny fly with scientist's head as a hungry spider advances, and Herbert Marshall, Charles Herbert and Vincent Price look on in helpless horror. Whatever the flaws in *THE FLY* and its sequels contained, this individual scene still ranks as one of the most eerily affective ever to appear in ANY horror film.





Vincent Price is tormented by drosophilic Delambre, No. 2—Philip, and Andra, who for tampering with things beyond the ken of mortal man, suffers the same fate as his father before him in *RETURN OF THE FLY*.

Science had come a long way in 20 years and new machines enabled me to rebuild the teleportation machine better than it had been originally.

I sometimes worked round the clock to get all finished; you see, mother was in ill health and I wanted to make sure she would live to see her husband's work completed and to see my Delambre assimilated in the scientific community by her son. But fate was against it, and the day I was all set to prove my accomplishments—she up and died. You can imagine my disappointment.

At the ensuing funeral I met and talked again with old Doc Brandon, who still was carrying on a lucrative practice here in the Canadian provinces where any doctor was at a premium.

"What have you been doing with your self lately, Phillip?" he asked.

"Working on my father's old experiments," I replied curtly, not wanting to cause a scene. But still the Doctor continued.

"You know what happened to your father, don't you?"

I just nodded.

"Phillip, I know I can't stop you from what you are doing, and I know my words here won't stop you; but I implore you to watch what you're tampering with. Remember your father thought he had everything planned too, until just one careless, impatient mistake sent him to his downfall. Science is very exacting, my boy, and if you insist on continuing with your father's work, you will be absolutely sure of everything you do—or be willing to pay the consequences if you don't!" And with that he just turned and walked away.

I knew deep down in my heart that he was right, but nothing in the world could have made me give up experimenting now that I was so close to success. So after the last few shovels of earth were placed over my mother's coffin, I turned sadly towards my car with hopes of losing some of my grief in my work at home. When I drove up to the house, I saw Alan, my new assistant, waiting on the porch motioning me to have a seat.

Alan was a strange sort of fellow, but he was still a good scientist and an able assistant to me in my work. That's why I was a bit worried over this sudden burst of excitement—what could be going on? As it turned out, Alan had made the final connections on the teleporter and was waiting for me to return so I could give the secret computer codings that would activate the machine. You see, knowing the vast importance of the invention, I had allowed no one access to the secret number codes that would set the machine running, fearing that some

unscrupulous people might want to steal it for their own nefarious ends. Now it was the time, however, when I would have to tell Alan and in so doing make the biggest mistake of my life.

SPY VS. FLY

For I did not know it at the time, but reality Alan was working for a foreign government who wanted the teleporter for their own sinister purposes. But I blindly gave away the secret, and as soon as I did, I was transported to the lab where Alan had me unconscious with his own bait and dragged me over to the teleportation machine and set the controls. He was just about to send my atoms off into another dimension when he was struck by an even better idea—why not do to me what my father had done to himself! After all, he had already—as I was later to learn—merged a snooping inspector with a rat in the machine. So without a moment's hesitation, he lured a housefly into the chamber with me and threw the lever sending us both over to the other booth. There was a bright flash, and somehow I knew that the devil's work had been done again. For I found myself looking out on the laboratory through thousands of glassy eyes, and I

realized I'd been turned into a fly creature like my father years before!

I could see Alan standing by the doorway as if he were in a trance—struck dumb by the nightmare he had created. Suddenly a jolt of pain entered my mind and all I wanted to do was smash my way out of the booth and kill everyone in sight, but I knew this would just the animal mind of the fly trying desperately to override my human senses...and I wasn't about to let it become master. Looking around inside the cabinet I spotted a small fly buzzing around. It had a small version of my head attached to its tiny torso. My only hope was then to keep the insect caged till I could somehow reverse the process. So as I left the booth, the fly was careful not to let the bug fly away.

As I was getting out I could see out of the corner of one of my many eyes that my assistant, Alan, had closed the main door to the laboratory. As I closed the door of the cabinet, another bolt of pain flashed through my mind and this time I couldn't control it. I lashed out in the direction of Alan, my hairy arm outstretched to kill him. In a moment, he was dead.

Just then another searing stab of pain flashed through my entire body and I knew it wouldn't be long before my mind would completely collapse. So knowing that my machine was still in working order, I threw the lever once again and stepped into the cabinet with the small fly still buzzing around. Again came the blinding blue light and the instant of numination was only seconds away. I mentally crossed my fingers and prayed everything would return to normal...but things would never be the same for me again.

So that's the story. I was restored to my original body, and my mind, aside from the emotional scars left by the ordeal, now functions normally. All that's left for me to do is convince the rest of the world of the truth of my story. But you...you believe me...don't you?

Understandably angered by the spy (David Frankham) who turned him into a fly, Brett Hessey as Phillip Delambre has the unenviable task of playing the bad guy. Unlike his father, Phillip enjoyed a happy ending, as he was transported back into a normal, if trauma-scarred, human.



THE FLY 2000

CENTURY FOX 1985.

Running Time: 94

minutes. Directed by

Kurt Neumann.

Starring James

Calet, from the novel

by George Langelaan.

Starring Vincent Price

(Robert De Niro),

David Hedison (André

Delambre), Patricia

Arquette (Andrea

Delambre), Heribert

Meister (the boy),

Charles Herbert (the boy),

and Eugene Borden.

RETURN OF THE FLY

FOX 1996. Running

Time: 79 minutes.

Directed by David L.

Bernis. Screenplay by

Edward L. Bernis,

David Frankham,

Brett Hessey, David

Frankham, Dan

Frankham, and Brian

De Palma. Based on the

novel by George Langelaan.

THE FLY 2000 shows up on

the late show.)

(Editor's Note: For

more developments

in the strange history

of the *Delambres*,

you'll have to wait until next

month's *SCARE OF*

THE FLY, which shows up on

the late show.)

NEXT ISSUE!

We'll be getting our next issue off to a wild start with a complete TMT filmbook on a monster movie that's bound to raise hair & hackles on one and all alike ... Tohô's ultimate all-star monster show **DESTROY ALL MONSTERS**—Godzilla, Rodan, Ghidorah, Mothra, the Son of Godzilla and a whole cast of supporting monsters will be on hand in what has



"DESTROY ALL MONSTERS!"

to be the most monster-pecked movie ever made. Not the best, by any means, but definitely the most monster-packed.

Also on view next issue will be a first-hand TMT account of the World's Biggest Comic Convention, the Annual New York Comic Art Convention, at the British and Grandeur that are always an integral part of that gala con will be captured and recorded for posterity in the kind of shimmering prose that has come to be associated with THE MONSTER TIMES. Comic readers will also enjoy our superstrip next issue, a three-page, uncannily detailed account of THE MONSTER THAT DEVOURED CANARIE!

Plus—our regulars on Hollywood's strangest humor star, Rondo Hatton—an oft-exploited actor whose distorted features were not the handiwork of a studio make-up man, but of an actual disfiguring disease. Ghouls and goblins will be taken to take you into the strange criminal netherworld of "hot stiff" dealing, and media man Carl Cushing files a report about **HORROR INVADES THE MEDIA**—a look at the dynamic influence of the massmedia and macabre on all phases of the media. All our regular features plus a couple surprises or two will also view in the next edition of THE MONSTER TIMES—The "Living Men's Monster Paper." Would you want to be caught dead without it? Not on your life ... and certainly not on ours.



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